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Louise Ayres Garnett

COMRADES

Last night I dreamed the Cross of God
Stood rooted deep in Flanders sod,
And wide its open arms were spread
Over the fields of living dead.
Mile upon mile the crosses rose
Shepherding sleep's supreme repose,
And as I looked they seemed to be
Merged into conquering Calvary.
O Jesus—more than Savior now:
Brother, soldier, captain, Thou!—
Each of Thy comrades of the cross
Treasures the gift that man calls loss.
Oh, what an Easter lies concealed
Beneath the flowers on Flanders Field!

Louise Ayres Garnett

HONORS

France counts not blasted trees among her losses,
Nor flowers torn from the valley or hill crest;
For in their stead are rows on rows of crosses—
The which she wears more proudly on her breast!

Antoinette De Coursey Patterson